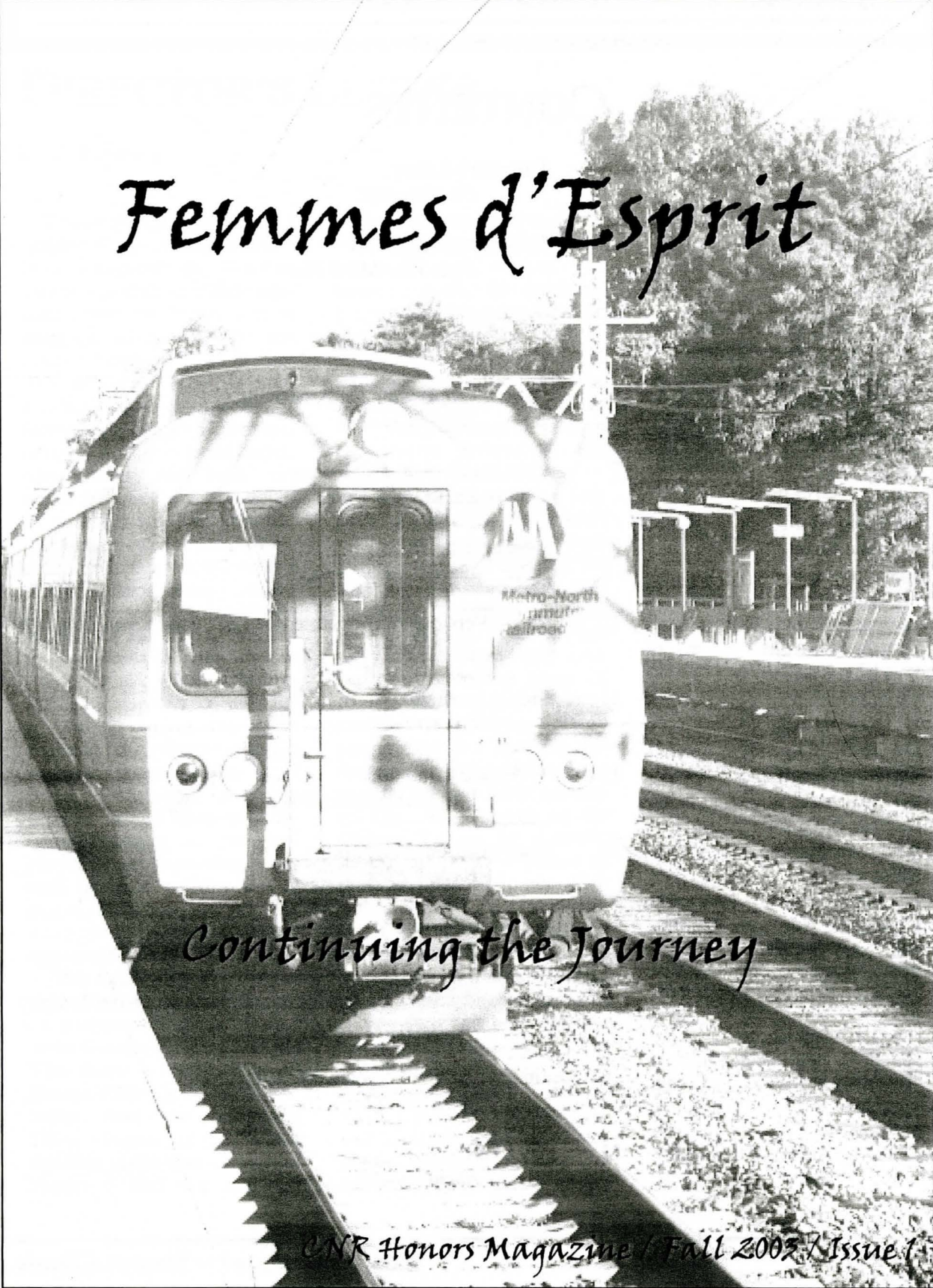


Femmes d'Esprit



Continuing the Journey

CNR Honors Magazine / Fall 2003 / Issue 1

CONTENTS

Femmes d'Esprit
Fall 2003 ~ Issue 1

Editor-in-Chief
Kathryn Tyranski

Assistant Editor
Ruth Santiago

Contributors
Dr. Amy Bass
Lina Chico
Omega Dale
Shirley DelValle
Nada Ebrahim
Richelle Fiore
Liza Hagey
Dean Rose Marie Hurrell
Rebecca Mui
Carolina Murillo
Sarah H. Murray
Tung Nguyen
Dr. Nelson Ong
Dr. Michael Quinn
Dr. Roblyn Rawlins
Alana Ruptak
Jennifer M. Sanfratello
Ruth Santiago
Megan Skrip
Dr. Nick Smart
Samantha Turano
Emily D. Williams
Sarah Worthington
Samantha Young

Advisor
Dr. Anne Ferrari

Printing
CNR Print Shop

- | | |
|----|---|
| 3 | Director's Letter <i>Dr. Amy Bass</i> |
| 4 | Letter from the Dean <i>Dean Rose Marie Hurrell</i> |
| 5 | The "Fresh" Start <i>Sarah H. Murray</i> |
| 6 | Letting Go, Losing Grip, Moving On <i>Shirley DelValle</i> |
| 7 | Continuity, Self, and Future <i>Dr. Michael Quinn</i> |
| 8 | Revealed in Time <i>Emily D. Williams</i> |
| 10 | Three Versions of the Same: Or...Why the Centennial Rocks <i>Dr. Nick Smart</i> |
| 11 | Subtle Insistence <i>Samantha Young</i> |
| 12 | Welcome Class 2007! <i>The Freshmen Profiles</i> |
| 14 | Searching for the Sublime <i>Richelle Fiore</i> |
| 17 | A New Beginning <i>Samantha Turano</i> |
| 18 | Continuity and Change: Education as a Riparian Journey <i>Dr. Roblyn Rawlins</i> |
| 20 | Continuity: A "Social Scientist" Viewpoint <i>Dr. Nelson Ong</i> |
| 23 | My Constant <i>Alana Ruptak</i> |

DIRECTOR'S LETTER

Dr. Amy Bass

I have always loved the beginning of the school year, but I have yet to get it right. In grade school, the start of a new academic calendar began with a shopping adventure with my mother, purchasing new clothes for a new year. The only problem with such a trip was that it focused on fall as Hollywood portrays it, with colorful leaves, rosy cheeks, and brisk air, rather than autumn as it often is, with hot sun, few breezes, and stifling classrooms. Furthermore, those back-to-school shopping trips always meant that there was an inordinate amount of fall/winter clothing in my closet, leaving me in sweaters and corduroys far into May. Regardless of my discomfort in spring, the cycle continued each August with the purchase – yet again – of clothes that had a “cold weather” bent. Those back-to-school shopping circulars that peppered our local newspaper each summer pushing wooly plaids and hats and scarves were quite persuasive, and I apparently never learned.

This fall, I hope to get more right than wrong as I assume the position of Honors Director at the College of New Rochelle. The theme of this issue of *Femmes d'Esprit* is “Continuity,” rather than the traditional “New Beginnings.” Upon thinking about this change of themes, I find that they are

likely more similar than disparate, as continuity always embraces the past, present, and future. It is with this spirit that I approach this new position and new campus, hoping to preserve the bevy of wonderful traditions that has made the Honors Program what it is, while bringing some of my own experiences, personality, and ideas to it.

I come here from a four year stretch in the wilds and winters of upstate New York, where purchasing heavy sweaters for the start of a new school year was rarely a comfort problem. As a member of the history faculty at Plattsburgh State University, I taught a range of courses that emphasized ideas of culture and identity. These pedagogical and scholarly endeavors in cultural history have thus far led to a fairly wonderful life. My research on the Olympic Games, for example, means that I have worked at three of them – Atlanta, Sydney, and Salt Lake – as a consultant to NBC's research and information unit, and become part of one of, if not *the*, largest global communities in modern society. My new book projects, one a continuation on my work on sports and the other an investigation into the controversial legacy of W.E.B. Du Bois, will likely also take me to new places. My teachings on popular and youth culture ensure



that my “junkie” relationship to music, television, and film has been artfully crafted into a career. Indeed, my friends and family often shake their heads in awe as I explain that I *have* to see the new Reese Witherspoon movie for “research purposes,” or that my recent DVD purchase of the first three seasons of “Buffy the Vampire Slayer” is actually tax deductible.

And now that I've unpacked my crates of Olympic memorabilia, my Clash CDs (also tax deductible), and my Buffy collection into a new office that I am desperately trying to make order and sense of, I look forward to this new beginning within a continuously great tradition: the Honors Program. Now that I am here, I am excited to watch the Program grow as we maintain its ideals of intellectual rigor, academic discovery, and social excellence and shape it in new and exciting directions. Please stop by and say hello: I'm the one in the turtleneck sweater.

DEAN'S LETTER



When I received the invitation to write for this issue of *Femmes*, my thoughts naturally turned to this time a year ago. In transition, the Honors Program had just completed two successful semesters under the leadership of Dr. Lynn Petrullo. With sights fixed stalwartly ahead, it was about to embark on a second year of searching for a permanent director. To the credit of the many individuals involved with the search, the second year culminated happily with the naming of a new director.

Today, as we begin a new chapter in the Honors' narrative, the installation of Dr. Amy Bass as Director marks a propitious moment. It signals an occasion for Honors to refocus its energies and, with opportunity for considered reflection, candid self-analysis, and purposeful self-assessment, re-center and renew.

Until last year my connection to the Honors Program was circumscribed, and distanced, by a single Honors course which I taught some time ago. This past year, my role as Honors Director attached me intimately and irrevocably to the Honors' story. One year ago, I wrote in this publication that I felt privileged to "find myself in this place at this moment." Today, that feeling remains.

Rose Marie Hurrell, Ph.D.
Dean

EDITORIAL NOTE

There is a beginning and an end to everything. About four months ago, we ended the 2002-2003 academic year with a farewell to the seniors in the pages of *Femmes*. Today, *Femmes* welcomes the 2003-2004 academic year along with our new Honors Director, Dr. Amy Bass, the Honors Freshmen, and of course, all those returning to the classrooms of The College of New Rochelle.

The new year also brings the beginning of the College of New Rochelle's 100th Anniversary. One-hundred years of College history and over 25 years of Honors excellence and memories. 29 years to be exact.

The Honors Program at CNR will certainly recognize The Centennial, as will the pages of *Femmes*. Look forward to history lessons and the building of bridges between past and present and future.

Our front and back covers depict the arrival and departure of a train. A train travels in a continuous cycle. Continuity is connecting the past, present, and future into one never-ending circle. As you read the pages of our opening issue for this year, keep your minds open, you will certainly see great things. Welcome Back!

-Kathryn Tyranski

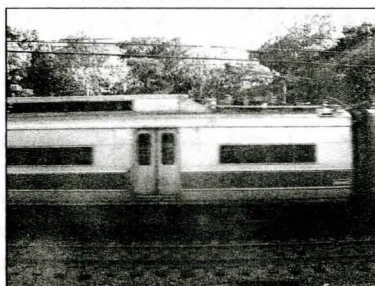
THE "FRESH" START

Sarah H. Murray

Just four months ago, we began to prepare for graduation. We had our proms with limos, dates, pictures, and the "memories that will last a life time" picture frames. As high school seniors, leaving the schools we attended for the last four years of our lives was hard. All the friends we had made, the parties we had attended, the football games we won and lost, all the last minute cram sessions for those Regents tests, and all that hard work and effort put into the past 12 years of schooling.

As I crossed my school's football field, and glided up to the podium to receive my folder for my diploma (which we would get *after* graduation in the hopes that no pranks would be pulled, like inflatable dolls or other "childish fun"), I could not help but think that this would be the last time I would ever congregate with this same group of friends and classmates. Many were staying in my hometown of Hyde Park, while some were going straight out into the workforce, and several others, like myself, were preparing to go away to school for the next 4-8 years of our lives. As I walked over to hug my principal, many memories of great times rushed over me. I realized, however, this was only the ending to one chapter of my life, and that I was now heading toward a new and exciting

.....
"...now heading
toward a new and
exciting chapter ..."
.....



Transitioning from high school seniors to college freshmen is like a train passing through stations.

Photo: K. Tyranski

chapter: *being a college girl!*

As I walked back to my seat with my two best friends in pursuit of me, I started thinking about the new chapter in life I was about to embark on. Going to college means many things. Firstly, it is a time for new beginnings. Remember the old saying, "Make new friends, but keep the old; one is silver and the other gold"? This is true in many respects. We will always have our old high school friends but starting college means that you have a whole new chance to meet new girls and gain new friends. Going to college also means you can have a new academic record. So what if you didn't pull straight A's back in high school? You are now given a chance to redefine who you

really want to be.

In high school, many feel that they are stereotyped the first year they arrive, and trapped to that stereotype for the rest of their lives. Unfortunately, you may not be able to change what those at your high school thought of you, but now as a freshman starting college, you have the chance to change how you view yourself and what others think of you. As a freshman the whole college experience is new and exciting. Sure I've had a few assignments due, I've gone out a few times, and to the city once, I've attended a few club meetings, and made some great friends, but many realms have yet to be explored.

All in all I know that there is much left untouched. I've yet to miss a class, forget a homework assignment, oversleep, or get locked out. I'm sure that there is still much more I truly don't know about the college experience as a whole. The thing that excites me the most about beginning at the College of New Rochelle is that I now have the chance to start to shape my life and future. The lessons and knowledge I learn now, I will be able to carry with me throughout my entire life and hopefully mold me into an even better person than I am today.

LOSING GRIP, LETTING GO, MOVING ON

Shirley DelValle

Have you ever felt the emotions related to the loss of the only person in the world that you gave everything to? I can. It happened on Tuesday, September 2, 2003. That was the day before school started. It sucks how life can turn against you in a heart beat—how one moment every aspect is picture perfect and the next it's a hell hole. So, to say the least, I wasn't very enthusiastic about coming to school the very next morning. I kept thinking, "what am I going to do?" "What are you *supposed* to do when your world gets flipped?" You can do what anyone would do, become angry. That's what I did. The "train of misery" was passing by and I had a first class ticket.

I walked into the Mooney Center on Wednesday morning with a wounded soul. I felt this annoying feeling of not wanting to be in class, it was overwhelming. It bothered me how everyone else was giddy, and I was clearly grumpy. They all seemed to be extremely excited about the new academic year. They were greeting each other with big smiles on their faces. I was upset, irate, angry, pissed, and any other word in the English language that describe that "low" feeling. *Why didn't anyone else care?* Why is it my world suddenly came crashing down, and no one seemed to notice? I was miserable and no one cared. Why? Because, like they say in the boogie down, it wasn't that serious. Life is a roller coaster, you're riding it. It goes up and when it goes down, it takes a nose dive. You just have to sit back, enjoy the ride and make sure you don't fall off.

So here I am on a Sunday night, sitting at home writing this as I hear Linkin Park's "Pushing Me Away," blasting in the background. It provides awesome inspiration. I'm rocking back and forth in my funky chair thinking back on this past week. While in my depressing state of mind, which lasted, roughly two days, I was told by a very wise woman, my mama, "Look, life doesn't stop because of a boy. Trust me, he is not moping around or depressed like you are, he's mov-

ing on with his life." Suddenly, the fog was lifted, all the sadness dissipated and I realized: Stop Shirley! Life goes on and you know that it does. There are other things in the world besides this boy, like school, my job, family, and friends. I noticed just because I wasn't happy and that my world seemed to be torn apart didn't mean that the world stopped doing that spinning thing it does around the sun. It didn't mean the clock stopped ticking.

I came to the realization that things happen for a reason and that you just have to accept that. Life goes on, it goes by quickly and obstacles are going to get in the way. Some may produce positive results, others may not. There will be moments of complete misery, where you will ask yourself, "What am I doing here?" or the inevitable, "Why me?" The important thing to remember is sadness or any negative feeling shouldn't last very long. You need to strive for bigger, better, and more positive things. Never quit and if you do, make sure it is only after you know you've done your very best. When you say those words, "I quit," do it with a smile on your face, have no regrets, and never ask, "What if?" It's better to say "I should've never done that," then to say "What if I would've?" Go for it, life's too short to worry it away. Cynthia Nelms said: "Nobody really cares if you're miserable, so you might as well be happy."

By the way, in case you were wondering, I am extremely happy to be back at CNR. I'm glad to be doing something with my life. If you got anything from this little snip of my craziness that I wrote, I hope it was this: *Nothing in life is permanent, whether it's your relationship with an average 'Joe,' the sadness you felt after breaking up with him, or the mere act of being in school, everything has its end. Now is all we have, so you better enjoy every bit of it. Don't waste it away being sad over tomorrow's nonsense. Today's a gift, unwrap it.*

CONTINUITY, SELF, & FUTURE

Dr. Michael Quinn

Making predictions about the future is almost an industry in itself. For many occupations it's practically part of the job description, as everyone from politicians to science fiction writers try to determine what our lives will be like, what technologies we will use, what computers and cars will do, and what the government should and will do. Forecasting the future is in fact crucial for planning; predictions are used to figure out what technology to invest in, what taxes to lower and raise, and what governments to topple.

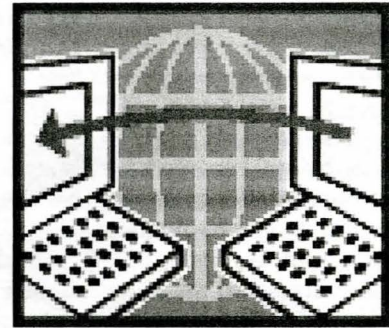
Interestingly, when you look at predictions made in the past—including predictions by scientists and politicians—their accuracy is remarkably low. Everyone knows the joke about how people in the 1950s imagined huge computers, far from the PCs - much less the Palms and cell phones - of today. Less frequently discussed are the optimistic predictions that failed to come true. Video phones. Flying cars. Cancer cures. Moon bases. The end of poverty and hunger. The world of 2003 is substantially different—actually, it's substantially less pleasant—than our present as imagined in 1910, 1930, and 1950.

This is significant for a few reasons. Clearly, basing economic, technological, and governmental policy on predictions

is quite problematic. Even three years ago no one - or at least, no one in the Bush Administration - imagined that huge deficits would return to the U.S. budget. Would government policy had been different had deficits been forecast? Perhaps not, but one would like to think so.

The problem goes deeper than incorrect predictions; or rather, their falseness implies something else. After all, you simply cannot make economic or corporate policy without considering the future in some way. Or at least, you certainly shouldn't. Perhaps a more fruitful line of inquiry would be to ask what such predictions actually say about the time in which they were made. Writers in the pre-W.W.I 1900s were fascinated by the extraordinary, life-changing benefits of technology, unaware that killing and war had also been revolutionized. Conversely, by the 1950s, tired of depression and war, and buoyed by new consumer technologies from televisions to washer/dryers, the mood was almost defiantly optimistic. Few imagined the soul-killing, community-wrecking, environment-destroying individualism of the 1950s suburb and the cheap cars and gas that make it function (all of which we have inherited).

In *Visions*, physicist Michio



Kaku imagines a 21st century world of artificially intelligent robots, incredible breakthroughs in health and medicine, and possibly even de facto immortality. A world quite similar, in fact, to that of our own time...at least as imagined by eager scientists and science fiction writers during the 1940s and 1950s. Admittedly, the latter didn't have access to modern genetics, quantum physics, and emergent nanotechnology. But the predictions themselves seem logical—Kaku makes them seem virtually inevitable...assuming that the future will unfold in some coherently logical, continuous way from the present.

The issue—the commonality between eras—is one of continuity; in this particular context, the way people attempt to construct a sense of continuity out of disparate elements. I rarely write about "human nature;" it seems to me that after 10,000 years (or so) of complex cultures and varying systems of behavior, it is problematic to

Continued on page 16

REVEALED IN TIME

Emily D. Williams

What does the term old age signify for you? Do you fear growing older, or look forward to it? How does age change your relationship with time?...

The previous series of questions were first fueled by an in-depth investigation I began last spring semester in my Honors Western Ideologies course, taught by English faculty Dr. Cynthia Kraman, and has extended itself forward and across disciplines into an Independent Painting Study I engaged in this summer with Art faculty Professor Cristina de Gennaro. Last semester I was intrigued by an article I read that dealt with the treatment and perceptions of old age and the elderly in Chinese culture. I was shocked by the extreme difference in the perceptions of old age in Eastern culture in comparison to my own Western culture. As I read about the dedicated reverence young people of Eastern culture maintain for the elderly, and the sense of anticipation they had for the stage of old age, I found myself re-evaluating my own and Western culture's attitudes towards the treatment of old age in our society today. I felt appalled by our lack of respect for the elderly, and became more aware of our inclination to avoid and delete images of the aging body and elderly person from our cultural makeup. I began to ponder in depth, the attitude I, others around me, and the Western society at large maintained about old age. The more I thought and explored this issue, the more aware, disturbed, and concerned I became by our obsession and infatuation with chronological age and preserving youth.

I proceeded to conduct a series of research, extrapolating upon the contrast in perceptions of old age between Eastern and Western culture. I also conducted a series of video-taped interviews with people of various age groups, ranging from age eleven to age seventy-five, both male and female and of different cultural backgrounds, representing both Western and Eastern points of view. I posed such questions as, "How old are you?", "Do you consider yourself 'old'?", "Do you think

the better portion of one's life is lived during one's youth?", "Do you have children? If so, do you expect them to care for you in your old age, and to what extent?", "What is your opinion of nursing homes?", "Do you think young people today respect the elderly as well as they should?" My findings were fascinating and the interviews served as a segway to further discussion, new ideas, and questions to explore.

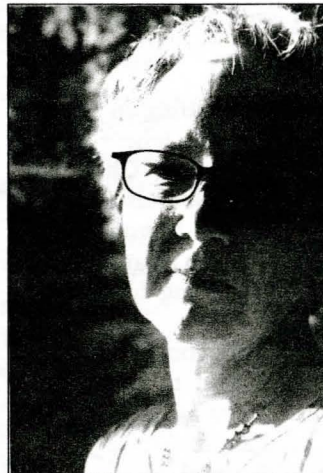
One of the readings that captivated me most in my study was that of Simone de Beauvoir's *The Coming of Age*. In this work she raises the concept of the human relationship with time. She states: "For human reality existing means existing in time: in the present we look towards the future by means of plans that go beyond our past, in which our activities fall lifeless, frozen and loaded with passive demands. *Age changes our relationship with time*: as the years go by our future shortens, while our past grows heavier." I found myself relating this question of age in proportion to time to my own life and inquiring as to how my increasing age might alter my own personal relationship with time. On the same token, how was it changing the relationship my parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, professors, and peers have with time? I began to realize that unfortunately the awareness of this relationship was not especially vivid, developed or even present for many. Most of us are not even aware of the negative relationship we form with time and therefore ourselves. We become desensitized to the pressures and negative stereotypes of aging our Western culture impresses upon us. We render ourselves oblivious and accustomed to the conniving remarks we make about old age in relation to ourselves and others. We leap at the fountain of youth that awaits us in a bottle of the latest anti-aging beauty cream or the most recent wrinkle-erasing technology. Our incessant, constant yearning to move backwards and remove signs of aging from our faces and bodies prevents us from moving forward and damages the relationship we form with our aging selves and

the elderly around us. By avoiding old age and denying it as intrinsic to the life cycle, we distance our aging selves as the 'other' which distances the human relationship with time and is not conducive to a strong, healthy relationship with ourselves. The relationship one forms to self is the foundation of all things and it is from this relationship that the continuity of positive outcomes in other relationships and spheres of the human experience ensue.



The investigation of this topic was just beginning to reach fruition as the spring semester drew to a close, and so I decided to extend it further with an independent painting study. I continued my exploration of the aging process and old age transferring my interest into another discipline and another medium. Paper and pen morphed into paint and canvas as the summer months unfolded and revealed new dimensions of my project. The paintings depict three different generations of three different women: an elderly woman in her seventies, a middle-aged woman in her fifties, and a young-woman in her late teens. Each woman and generation is represented in her own, respective portrait painting. Through the use of color, form, line and gesture with a focus on the gaze of each woman, I hope to raise questions that relate to perceptions of aging and encourage people to ponder their own relationship with time and the implications age has upon it.

My investigation into aging led me to a poignant exchange with one of the women I painted. Out of this project I formed a strong friendship



with my next door neighbor, an elderly woman, the woman depicted in the first of the three paintings. I came to know and see her with an intimacy I had never experienced with her before. My way of seeing and perceptions of aging changed as she helped me to gain insight into her relationship to time. I learned of the intricate construction of her personality



and of the experiences she lived. I would study her face closely as I painted her, each wrinkle evocative of an experience, each finite line a story, a memory etched upon the flesh. She on the other hand despised her wrinkles and would jokingly say, "Emily, please don't paint those wrinkles on my face...can't you use your artistic license and do some plastic surgery on the canvas?"

As the learner and the artist I aim not to augment life from what I observe, but rather I attempt to interpret things as I experience them, and channel the truth into forms that others can relate to and interact with. And for that reason, I use my artistic license not to erase the wrinkles but rather to bring them into a light that

reveals and moves ever forward, continuing the dialogue between individual and the world surrounding them.

Above: These are the photographs of the women from which the portraits Emily has painted for her study on aging.

photos: E. Williams

THREE VERSIONS OF THE SAME:

OR... WHY THE CENTENNIAL ROCKS

Dr. Nick Smart

Modest Mouse says:

*The universe is shaped exactly like the earth
If you go straight long enough you'll end up where you
were*

I first heard Modest Mouse blaring in a little organic coffee shop near a church where I was going to hear a Milton lecture over Christmas break a few years ago. I know, it sounds a bit obsessive, going to hear a lecture on Milton during your Christmas break from your job as an English professor. But what is a fish going to do, not swim?

So I took my coffee and a big cookie or something up to the counter and said to the young woman (she looked about college age), "what are you playing?" I could identify the noise in the shop only as cool alternative sound, the vocals a little hollow of tone and the guitar, bass, and drums going at different speeds, doing their own things, like separate windows on the computer screen.

She said, "Modest Mouse." Some days later I bought the album. Yes I said album. They will always be albums and sold in record stores, so I can always be going out the door in search of a new sound. Downloading a file, using the same appliance to get my rock that I do to write my words, that wouldn't work for me. Continuity is a thing that picks and chooses elements of the past and the future and superimposes them on the present.

Sigmund Freud said:

...a thing which has not been understood inevitably reappears; like an unladen ghost, it cannot rest until the mystery has been solved and the spell broken.

The best thinkers on the matter disagree as to the meaning of Freud's conviction that man exhibits a compulsion to repeat. It is hard because

he is talking about the deep psychic muscle memory of early days, a collection of actions and images the purpose and influence of which will never be fully known. Is one compelled to serve? To fight? To escape? To embrace? Then over and over one does, craving the familiar even at the risk of loss or pain. Those bundles of nervous actions at the core of Freud's theory define the individual, and contribute heavily to the blueprints for family, community, and nation.

Is it right, or good, this basing of the present and the future on the past? In a discussion like this we may be able to ask that question only in evolutionary terms. Are the monuments erected in memory—the keeping of history itself—celebrations of life or interior designs for the house of death? In which world do we wish to be comfortable? How great the tension for each of us, and all of our organizations, in the balance of the desire to preserve and the need to keep a shoulder to the boulder of change, lest it reverse course and leave us flat. Sisyphus earned his boulder to push up hill every day by trying to bargain with the gods, and his punishment included the realization that gravity and a heavy stone, like the force of time marching on, will not be bargained or lamented away.

Albert Camus said:

Again I fancy Sisyphus returning toward his rock, and the sorrow was in the beginning. When the images of earth cling too tightly to memory, when the call of happiness becomes too insistent, it happens that melancholy rises in man's heart. This is the rock's victory, this is the rock itself. The boundless grief is too heavy to bear. These are our nights on Gethsemane. But crushing truths perish from being acknowledged.

The philosopher stands on top of the mind, looking down at Freud who rides the synaptic surf. He sees a similar paradox.

Continued on page 22

SUBTLE INSISTENCE

Samantha Young

Inactivity. The words form sentences and the sentences form thoughts that seem to elude me and my blank page. The clock on the tall wall ticks passively and the cursor blinks teasingly. Does it blink to remind me of the absence of my thought or does this machine truly hunger for my essence? She, my regular inspiration, sits on the sill and I wonder if my abilities can expand beyond that for just one piece. Just one time.

Maybe coffee will work. I can feel my pores excreting that sweet nectar already, driving my thoughts once again away from the page and its potential. The mug itself is a distraction, turning my eyes from necessity and driving them toward the menial. Although the dancing palm trees and orange ring are lovely, their existence does not compare to the immortality I am trying to achieve. The mug is placed just beyond sight, yet I can still feel its mocking presence.

She is reached, smelled, touched, admired; yet I will not free her. I refuse to give in. I am capable and although she smiles suggestively at me as I hold her between my fingers, I will be able to resist. She may have captured me, but I have her captured for just a moment. Although to free her would mean my own release, my own purge. This spinning of irration-

ality and confusion would cease for an hour of meditative reflection and distortion and yet I glare at a blank page. These words painfully extracted and needlessly inarticulate shape not the form I had intended. She will conquer me in the end, a triumph of her own consistency.

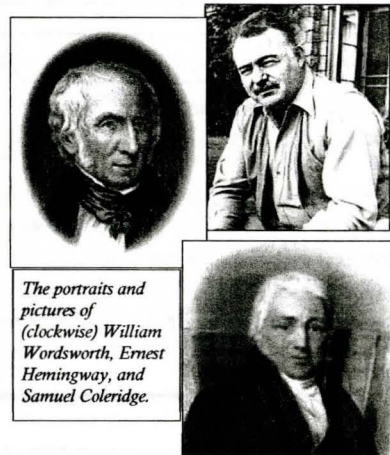
No! In order to substantiate my raw abilities I must do this through reality and not complacency. Too submit would be to lose the battle and surrender my sobriety for some apathetic dream. Resistance seems futile but the cursor, once flashy and loud has surrendered to my control. It still places barriers between expression and experience.

Perhaps a slight break, but that would be submission. Would it be truly damaging? Even the greats- Hemingway, Coleridge, Wordsworth- would relinquish their abstinence for the flow of reflection.

Comfort, abstraction, relaxation. Her soothing presence releases a flood from within whose aggression needed to escape, only through her soft touch. The world, now surreal and exquisite, is dynamic with colors and shapes now even more angled and contrasted. The eyes on the wall stare more deeply and intensely into me, a soul seems to inhabit the once flat image. The page is filled with letters- consonants and

vowels arranged to a vivid orchestra in my imagination. Even the corners of the room seem to hold some distinct and substantial message. The manipulation of the light dances across my pupils, increasing the activity of my already tired eyes.

Perhaps she has seized and conquered like she has so many before. Her tranquility mesmerizes me even as my fingers move across the keyboard. Utterances of memories and an increased awareness of the lack of the present threaten to consume my mind and hold me within their rough embrace. Although the words escape now, my control over them has been taken, as she has demanded. This is the way it has to be. It is the way it has been and the way it will be. My weakness is also my fulfillment. I have not lost entirely, the battle with the page has been won and I shall exit with celebration.

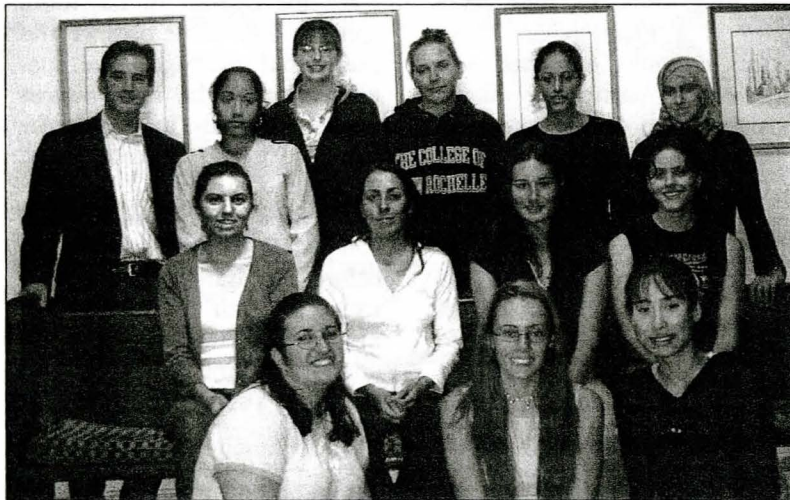


The portraits and pictures of (clockwise) William Wordsworth, Ernest Hemingway, and Samuel Coleridge.

Photos: Encarta Encyclopedia

WELCOME CLASS OF 2007!

Every year, the CNR Honors Program welcomes a new Honors Introduction into Self-Context Class. This year we welcome twelve freshmen to the course as well as Dr. Andrew Darien, the HON101 professor.



The Honors Self In Context Class

Pictured Above: Dr. Andrew Darien, Lina Chico, Megan Skrip, Sarah Worthington, Liza Hagey, Carolina Murillo, Sarah Murray, Nada Ebrahim, Omega Dale, Tung Nguyen, Camellia Safi, Jennifer Sanfratello, & Rebecca Mui. (Not in order)

Photo: K. Tyranski

Liza Hagey
Niles, Michigan.

Liza is a Psychology Major. During the next four years, Liza plans to study hard, keep physically fit, and enjoy the company of friends. She is extremely interested in finding out how the brain works and hopes to one day make a contribution to this gray area of science.

Sarah Worthington
Waterford, New York

Sarah plans to major in Art Education. She looks forward to being a part of the stage crew for CNR Drama and volunteering through Campus Ministry. She wants to challenge herself by taking Honors courses and likes the idea that she will get to know students pursuing many different majors.

Carolina Murillo
San Jose, Costa Rica

Carolina is an International Studies and Communication Arts Major. She hopes to spend the next four years learning new and exciting subject areas as well as make new friends.

Sarah Helene Murray
Hyde Park, New York

Majoring in Political Science and History with a Pre-law advisory, Sarah is looking forward to being involved in the Honors Program at CNR because it will allow her to be with a small group of people who hold many similar beliefs as she does. Sarah is also looking forward to participating in many extra-curricular activities. Before coming to CNR, Sarah was involved in music, drama, cross-country, track, and NHs. Sarah is a member of the International Thesbian Society because of her theatre involvement and also worked on the FDR School Newspaper. There she made awesome friends and memories, and looks forward to an equally fulfilling experience at the College of New Rochelle.

Lina Chico
Brooklyn, New York

Lina is a Biology Major. She wants to expand her knowledge through the Honors Program. She enjoys being in an atmosphere where the other students are willing to learn. She loves to act and dance and plans to join CNR Drama.

Omega Roslyn Dale
Parsippany, New Jersey

Omega is an aspiring Art Therapy Major and Psychology Minor. In addition she wants to receive a certification in Art Education. While studying at The College of New Rochelle, Omega hopes to devote her additional time and energy to clubs such as Phoenix Art and Literary Magazine and The Environmental Club. She also intends on being involved with Campus Ministry and volunteering for projects including the Sleep Out and Midnight Runs. She hopes to excel in the Honors Program and make the most of her college career here at CNR.

Nada Ebrahim

Nada is a Biology Major and an Honors Student at CNR. She hopes that through the honors classes she will gain an additional college experience and meet friends with unique views of life.

Megan Skrip
Oxford, Massachusetts

Over the next four years at CNR, Megan plans to major in Biology and hopes to gain the insight and practical tools required to pursue her dreams and future career in wildlife biology and conservation science. By participating in enriching courses; environmental, Honors, and religious organizations; and college community programs, she expects to grow socially and spiritually and reach new intellectual heights. Megan looks forward to all of the opportunities that CNR has to offer and eagerly anticipates new learning experiences and friendships.

Rebecca Mui
Mattapoisett, Massachusetts

Bekki is a Chemistry major and feels privileged to be part of the College of New Rochelle's exclusive Honors Program. This college has so quickly become home to her, she finds it hard to believe she has been here only a few weeks. Bekki intends to study chemistry for the next four years, to one day receive a Masters in Chemistry, and to one day work in the field of pharmaceutical research.

Jennifer M. Sanfratello
New Rochelle, NY

Jennifer hopes to accomplish many goals over the next four years at CNR. She hopes to successfully complete her Biology Major and possibly minor in Education. She will be preparing for Veterinarian school in hopes of opening her own future practice. Jen would also like to meet new people and expand her horizons both inside and outside the classroom.

Tung Thanh Nguyen
Foxboro, Massachusetts

A Biology Major, Tung's goal is to become a pediatrician and she believes the close-knit community of New Rochelle will help her achieve this goal. In high school, Tung was in the Orchestra and Color Guard. She was also involved with the Jimmy Fund Organization which raises fund for children's cancer research.

SEARCHING FOR THE SUBLIME

Richelle Fiore

"I have lost friends, some by death...others through sheer inability to cross the street." Virginia Woolf, *The Waves* (1931)

I wish I could pluck the guitar strings and make them sing with the same passion as Keith Richards or construct a sentence with same potent poetic aftershocks as Virginia Woolf. I am envious of their artistic talents and their ability to express them with such unabandoned genius. Yet, a crippling heroin addiction or debilitating breakdown would not bode well for my goal of graduation in May. However, I do not mention one of my favorite bands or writers without careful deliberation. The music of my adolescence and the work of a writer I discovered my freshman year remain consistent threads of discussion and interest in my developing consciousness.

At moments, it seemed as if my college life has remained consistent—if not at times, dull. I attended classes, participated in various activities, lived my life. The surrounding world did not extend the same courtesy—the Twin Towers fell, the war with Iraq began in addition to the bombing of

Afghanistan, and our economy is in great turmoil—but CNR, it seems, has remained a protective enclave against the cruel, inconsistent outside world.

For the past three years, a few things have remained constant for me. Mostly my meals came from the same place (with the proper amount of grimace as I sampled the next bit of experimental café food) and each Fall, I spent Monday and Wednesday mornings at the top of the Castle with Dr. Cynthia Kraman and Virginia Woolf. It was in my very first college class, Honors Critical Essay, that I became acquainted with a writer who has become a beloved friend. After our introduction in *To the Lighthouse*, Woolf and I collided in *Mrs. Dalloway* with Dr. Nick Smart in Modern British Novel, and in that text I fell in love. Over six semesters, I not only worked to further my understanding of Woolf and her works, I had the rewarding opportunity of helping freshman develop their own relationships with the demanding writer as most were, like me years ago, encountering her for the first time.

Woolf has remained a looming figure in my own academic investigations, and I am very aware that this fact will bind me to CNR—simultaneously to past and the future. It is with poets, actresses, and scholars who have left before me that I developed my kinship with Woolf (and with these creative minds that I share her continued presence) and friends who will remain once I am gone, continuing to flame the embers. I can make no promises *Orlando* and *Mrs. Dalloway* will appear in my dissertation in the end, but I would not be surprised either if they did. And that, the unexpected, is the beauty of Woolf.

Like Woolf, my appreciation of music is not a solitary enjoyment. My affair with rock and roll began with a steady diet of Led Zeppelin, the Doors, and the Stones growing up, and the rebellious early Guns and Roses in my teens, indulged by older cousins, my parents, and past boyfriends. While the suggestive lyrics are often important, at

Don't let the street signs stop you from crossing the street.



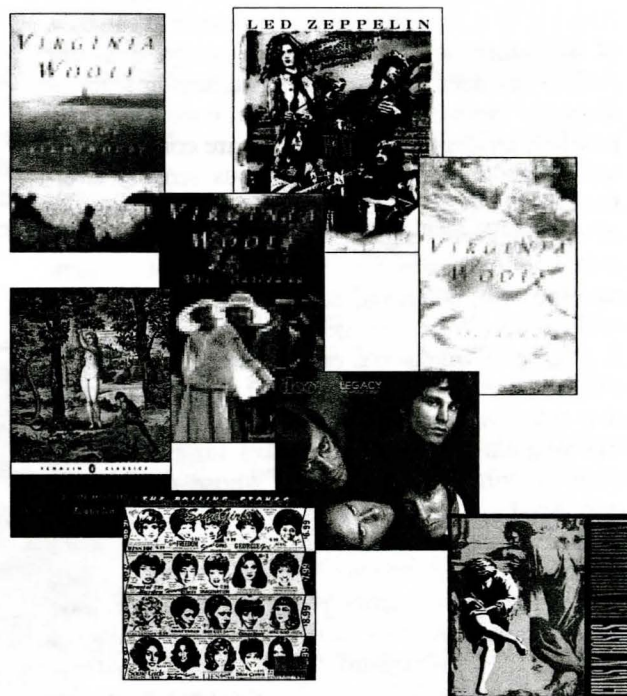
Photo: www.seemoresigns.net/traffic.html

times, the pulsing music shares the melodic magic of jazz—where the music is key. It is the guitar wails and the drum smashes that unleash the sublime all artists are in search.

The Romantic poets of the nineteenth century were in search of the intangible sublime, the beautiful—inspiration. It was in their search for the new grail that their poetry was released. The lyrics of Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge were the rock and roll songs of the past, awaiting musical accompaniment. My elision of rock and roll and Romanticism is not new, there have been books written on the topic (next time you're in the bookstore, browse a section you normally wouldn't), but if you're not up for reading, trivia usually will endure. The Doors' name comes from a line in the William Blake poem *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* and the Rolling Stone's *Sympathy for the Devil* uses Blake's sympathetic reading of Satan from *Paradise Lost* as inspiration for their character-sketch.

Virginia Woolf and rock music lend a continuity to my life, connecting me to the past while guiding the future. The Graduate programs I'm currently applying to have asked me to identify possible courses of future study, in addition to writing a personal statement of my past learning. I plan to study Modern literature because I agree with the aesthetic philosophy of the period. It is the disruptions of forms and long-held ideas found in modernist texts that attract and challenge me, and within the difficulty, lies the beauty. Music and literature should never remain static, and they won't if you have an engaged mind and a good text with which to work.

There is beauty in offering stability in a world that often lacks that very quality. At twenty-one, entering my senior year very different than when I arrived at eighteen, I am grateful for the protection CNR has offered me over the past three years. Yet I realize the desire to protect against the unbalance of the world at times may be an excuse to cloister us. I also am uneasy with a consistent de-



All photos: www.amazon.com

sire of continuity, which breeds the tendency for complacency. We like things that make sense and remain familiar, but at times, this very desire becomes a trap for mediocrity. This is a lesson we can learn as we celebrate our Centennial year. By honoring our past, we will encounter the countless different women and educators who have walked along the same paths of Maura Lawn, and remember the different perspectives they have offered. The streamlining of discourse does nothing but negate its own validity. This is a lesson some have fought and lost recently, but hopefully, the standard of unity does not become mere consistency.

I offer one lesson I will hold in my heart as I prepare to bid *au revior* to my continuity. It is the disruptions of consistent life that usually lead to great art. Not all disruptions are negative—from addiction and turmoil came to poetry in two different forms. And let's all cross the street.

CONTINUITY, SELF, & FUTURE (CON'T)

Continued from page 7

refer to simplistic notions of evolution to explain humanity, either at the individual or social level. And yet, if there is one thing that exists at the base of humanity, and thus human society, it is our desire, our need, to construct relationships out of disparate elements. Cause/effect, consistent temporality, analogy, metaphor – all are concepts that we use to comprehend the riotous sensory overload of our lives. The seemingly limitless number of impressions, sights, sounds, thoughts, and events that we experience each day—not to mention the complexities of dealing with others—need to be understood, managed, and contained. There is a sense in which WE enforce a continuity upon this riot; a continuity that may at times be productive (planting and harvesting by Season—one of our original continuities—makes far more sense than planting randomly), but whose meaning is conceived and applied by us.

The problems with continuity become even more clear when thinking about extremely complex systems. Subatomic particles. Weather. The human mind. And of course, forecasting societal changes (i.e., prediction). Such complex systems can hardly be dealt with in the usual sense, yet the human mind insists on placing notions of continuity (temporality, cause/effect relations in particular) upon them. X happens because of Y; if you do A, then B will necessarily follow – our minds, unfortunately, love to reduce incredibly complex systems, with thousands or millions of variables, down to such simple equations.

For much of the scientific revolution, this kind of behavior made sense – for what was science except a search for the simplest explanations for complex behavior? This changed in the twentieth century, with the advent of relativity and quantum mechanics; the simple answer no longer was necessarily the best. For example, the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle is a theory that deals with the behavior of certain subatomic particles (i.e., things smaller than atoms). To oversimplify greatly, it states that it is impossible to know simultaneously the position and movement of such particles. If you somehow manage to locate such

a particle, you cannot know where it is going; conversely, if you can figure out where it is going, it is impossible to know where, exactly, it is.

Is it intellectually ridiculous to utilize Quantum mechanics for social and historical analysis? Perhaps. But it IS being used to explore highly complex systems – the behavior of molecules in boiling water, for example – and there certainly there are few things more complex than making truthful predictions. Certainly the analogy is highly potent. The majority of politicians and scientists know all too well where we are; but somehow they...just...can't...quite...locate...where we are going. Conversely, the select few who can imagine where we are going (Charles Babbage, for example, who designed a working steam-powered computer in 1822) simply have no idea where we are.

This isn't to say the predictions are IMPOSSIBLE, of course, or shouldn't be attempted. It is to say, however, that our notion of continuity has to be considered suspect at best, and highly dangerous at worst.

One of the strongest, most potent applications of continuity has to do with subjectivity – the ego – the "I". For what is continuous if not me? If not the individual? At one level, this makes a lot of sense – we have all gone through things that have changed us in various ways, but we're still us, right? I'm still me. What could be simpler?

But what if this continuity is similarly an illusion? Some of the latest research in cognitive psychology suggests that consciousness—where we traditionally locate the "I"—is merely an epiphenomenon of an incredibly complex group of systems and sub-systems within the brain. The self isn't located in any particular place, or even group of places in the brain, but only arises through the inter-relationship between the brain's structuring elements.

The problem is that so many institutions in our society are based upon the "I" – that I am who I am, and barring illness or insanity, that is who I will stay. Perhaps this made sense in a world where the average life span was thirty years, or

Continued on page 22

A NEW BEGINNING

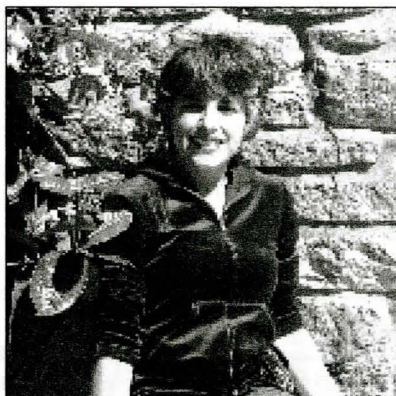
Samantha Turano

Last year was one of the most difficult and most frightening times of my life. On the outside, everything seemed to be okay—I was getting good grades, I had great friends, and I was in the middle of producing my first student movie. However, on the inside I was suffering, and no, it wasn't because of depression.

It all started in the middle of the spring semester, when I became excessively tired and barely had the strength to get out of bed from exhaustion and pain. I ignored it for awhile, thinking it was just stress or the flu. However, three weeks later, I was feeling worse, so I made an appointment with CNR Health Services, who later advised me that it was probably stress and to lighten my workload a bit. I agreed, but I knew there was something more going on, so my mom set up an appointment with my primary doctor. He ran a routine physical, as well as some blood work, which showed that I might have lupus, which resulted in more tests as well as an MRI. The lupus test came back negative, but the MRI resulted in what was the biggest shock of my life.

The day I got the MRI results was one of the most frightening days of my life. The doctor told me that they found three lesion-like tumors in my brain, but

there was also a chance that I had Multiple Sclerosis. I sat in the doctor's office in complete and utter shock. MS. I was only nineteen years old, and I was being told that I could possibly have a life threatening and debilitating illness. As scared



Samantha Turano

Photo: K. Tyranski

"As scared as I was, I also felt I was being selfish, because I knew how much worse my situation could have been."

as I was, I also felt I was being selfish, because I knew how much worse my situation could have been.

About a month and several tests later, I was told it wasn't MS, but a neurological problem that I had been born with, and the lesions would hopefully disappear in time. I still, however, need to be careful in case my symptoms get worse so that the situation can be taken care of.

The past nine months have been the hardest nine months I have ever encountered, but I believe it has made me a stronger person and that it has changed me for the better. Going through these tests and not knowing what was wrong was very difficult. I lost a lot of friends who decided that they couldn't be friends with someone so sick, but it also made me realize how lucky I am to have my wonderful family as well as true friends who did stick by me from the start. It also made me realize how lucky I am that I wasn't suffering from something worse, such as cancer.

The way I see it, God gave me a second chance, and made me realize that I cannot take life for granted. I am blessed that I was given this chance and hope to live my life as a better person because of it.

CONTINUITY & CHANGE:

EDUCATION AS A RIPARIAN JOURNEY

Dr. Roblyn Rawlins

When the editor of this issue asked me to write on the theme of continuity, as a sociologist my mind immediately filled in the phrase with continuity AND CHANGE. From its beginnings in the nineteenth century, sociology as an academic discipline has been concerned with understanding the nature of sociocultural continuity and change. Sociology emerged as a separate academic discipline in response to the large-scale dynamics of modernity – industrialization, urbanization, and political revolutions – that generated sweeping social change and transformed everyday life and social arrangements. These dynamics reached their culmination in the nineteenth century metropolis. Those now classified as “classical” sociological theorists – such intellectual giants as Karl Marx, Emile Durkheim, and Max Weber – and contemporary theorists such as Talcott Parsons and Pitirim Sorokin sought to understand the nature of social order and of social change by crafting grand theoretical narratives of society. Such grand theories attempted to identify universal laws of human behavior which would illuminate the nature of continuity and change, in particular the production and reproduction of social inequalities. Advances in epistemology and in the sociology of knowledge have meant that contemporary sociologists have for the most part abandoned the search for universal laws and grand narratives. Yet we remain fundamentally concerned with issues of social reproduction and social change.

In particular, comparative historical sociologists – the specialty I practice – take the study of continuity and change as their basic project. For example, Orlando Patterson’s historical sociology course at Harvard is entitled “Historical Sociol-

“You are not a boater, nor a swimmer, nor any other sort of traveler upon the river of the College: you are the river itself.”



ogy: Studying Continuity and Change.” A well-regarded journal edited at University of Essex, *Continuity and Change: A Journal of Social Structure, Law and Demography in Past Societies*, publishes studies of long-term continuities and discontinuities in the structures of societies of the past. Lynne Casper and Suzanne Bianchi’s *Continuity and Change in the American Family* (published by Sage in 2001) was awarded the 2002 Otis Dudley Duncan award by the American Sociological Association. And a group of women scholars at the Watson Institute for International Studies at Brown University entitled their 1992 occasional paper “Continuity and Change: Women at the Close of the Twentieth Century.”

How is continuity in social life possible? And where does social change come from? While in our cultural context it is almost routine to make note of (and in many cases, to bemoan) the rapid pace of social change we perceive in today’s society and social institutions, change in values, beliefs, beliefs, demographics, technologies, norms, etc., there is in fact a remarkable degree of continuity in social life. The key to social reproduction and social change, according to most contemporary sociologists, is the reciprocal relationship between the individual and society. Social institutions, social structures, social forms, culture and society itself are created and therefore maintained or changed by the everyday actions of individuals embedded within them. At the same time, individuals are to some extent – disagreement about the extent and nature of this relationship lies beneath most current debates in social theory – created by the social forms, structures, institutions, and cultural contexts in and through which they live their lives. Social structure and social institutions have histories, and for

those of us embedded in particular structures and institutions, these histories press upon us and shape our everyday lives. Our identities and the opportunities for and constraints upon our actions are conditioned by our cultural and social context. Sociologists assert that each and every action we undertake in the course of our daily lives either affirms, maintains, and reproduces extant social forms, thus creating continuity of culture, or questions, resists, and challenges those established ways of life, thus creating social change.

For me as a sociologist then, continuity and change are not separate or opposed processes but rather represent different outcomes of the same process and different points on the circle of the reciprocal relationship between individuals and society. Social forms and institutions cannot exist without us, without the individuals whose actions reproduce or resist them, and at the same time our existence as essentially social beings is unimaginable without social forms and institutions. As we reproduce culture, culture is reproducing itself in us through shaping our identities and experiences.

As we here at the College of New Rochelle approach our Centennial Year, I have been thinking about continuity and change, specifically about the relationship between institutional histories and the experiences of the individuals who make up those institutions. In thinking about the relationship between institutional histories and the stories of the individuals embedded within them, I return to the time-honored metaphor of the river. I think of the river as a channel within which water flows from its origin to its destination. The College of New Rochelle with its hundred year history is such a channel through which a river of education flows. The river flows from its origins in the Ursuline heritage and in the work of specific women, led by Mother Irene Gill, to change the social institution of higher education in America to its eventual destination. The destination of the river of the College of New Rochelle, as of any

river of education and knowledge, is the ocean of life, if you will.

We the faculty, staff, and especially the students of the College join the journey of the river for a little while, at least relative to the hundred years that the river of CNR has been flowing. Sometimes on our riparian journey there are rapids and we experience the pleasure Mary McCarthy wrote of in *The Groves of Academe*, the peculiar pleasure shared by people who are working a little too hard at things which are new to them. At other times in our journey – especially true for you, the student – we seem to run into eddies of slow-moving water where we must choose to either take pleasure in the pause and opportunities for contemplation we are thus afforded or to chafe in frustration at our slow progress. Sometimes we can just leisurely float along trailing our fingers in the water, as at the start of the semester, and at other times, as during exam week or thesis-writing, we have to really put our backs into it. Sometimes we feel water-logged and soggy, tired of the trip. Other times we feel the exhilarating slap-dash of the water in our faces and paddle forward eagerly around the next bend.

CNR students, and especially Honors students (and some of you know well whom I address here), I would give you one piece of advice as an individual whose life has been bound up with the rhythms of the academic river: don't paddle off in such a hurry to reach your destination and that great ocean of "real life." Go slow enough to see the birds and flowers on the banks of the river and to pull out now and again for a sun-dappled snooze or picnic with your friends on the banks. Maybe you need to take time to paddle up a creek or two. After all, your route to the sea may lie out of the established channels.

But do not be mistaken. You are not a boater, nor a swimmer, nor any other sort of traveler upon the river of the College: you are the river itself. You are CNR. In what you do and who you are, you cut the channel. When you go with

Continued on page 22

CONTINUITY:

A "SOCIAL SCIENTIST" VIEWPOINT

Dr. Nelson Ong

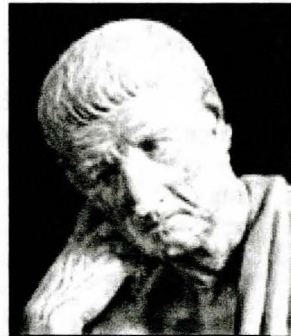
What does a social scientist have to say on the subject of "Continuity?" Knowing social scientists, I would say everything and anything. However, like the ancient Greeks, social scientists so disagree with each other that it would be difficult to determine what was valuable in what each had to say.

The ancient Greeks argued over the nature of the universe. Was it characterized by Chaos? Change? Or, Order? The answer to each question is yes. The chaos of the universe, however, is more apparent than real. The constant change one sees, and the predictability of that which we currently understand, suggests there are laws of nature in operation and therefore the universe is ordered. If it is ordered, even if there is apparent change, there is continuity.

One wonders: Is there similar order and continuity in human affairs? Should there be? If there is continuity, does it occur naturally, or must we intervene to guarantee it? Is there a proper role for government and other institutions to guarantee continuity and, we may ask, what kind of continuity? (Aren't you glad these are not exam questions?) Let's explore what light Aristotle, Edmund Burke, and even the College of New Rochelle can shed on this issue.

In Book I of his *Politics*,

Aristotle provides some direction in answering the questions above. Aristotle teaches that humans are naturally social and society grows from families into villages into a more complex community. See the continuity? A larger community requires a government, to help us meet our physical needs, but also our "higher needs." We can pause here to ask: is continuity in itself good, or is it only



Above: Stone sculpture of Aristotle.

Photo: Encarta Encyclopedia

continuity in maintaining that which is best that we should call good?

If there is no such thing as a higher order in terms of good, better, and best (that we can then ascribe to societies and also to individual lives), then perhaps there is also no way to determine whether continuity is good or bad. If there isn't continuity, however, what do we have? Constant change, without order or reason? Is that necessarily good?

Aristotle had definite opinions on whether there are standards and an end to aim for. He writes: "When several villages are united in a single complete community, large enough to be nearly or quite self-sufficing, the state comes into existence, originating in the bare needs of life, and continuing in existence for the sake of good life. And therefore, if earlier forms of society are natural, so is the state, for it is the end of them, and the nature of a thing is its end. For what each thing is when fully developed, we call its nature, whether we are speaking of a man, a horse, or a family. Besides, the final cause and end of a thing is the best, and to be self-sufficing is the end and the best."

Given this viewpoint, we see that a government should aim at creating the best society and the best individuals. A government should help a society reach its proper and best end, and should guide, concurrently, each individual to his or her proper end. (Mind you, this notion is very alien to our liberal, secular democracy that views politicians as being properly concerned with protecting and fostering only rights and liberty and no virtue).

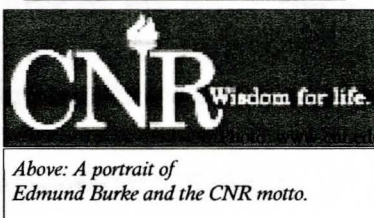
Long after Aristotle, Edmund Burke, the eighteenth-century Irish statesman and philosopher, argued in his *Reflections on the Revolution in*

France that: "Society is indeed a contract...it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are dead, and those who are to be born." Like other conservatives, Burke focused on continuity, but continuity in terms of inheriting and conserving the best of his society's traditions and passing them on to the next and the next generation so they could also value, preserve, and pass on what was best in the evolving traditions of their society. This conservatism should not prevent necessary reforms, since dynamic societies need to adapt. Without reforms, a society would either remain static, or it could implode or face a revolution if problems festered too long, or grew without solutions. Thus, politics is key to maintaining what is best and helping us to reform that which is not good so that we can pass on to the next generation a society better than our own.

Fostering continuity in a society is not the sole province of the government or a political system, however, despite its importance. The web of laws, traditions, symbols, and principles, which are such an integral part of a civic culture, can all serve to foster continuity in our society. Religion, faith, reason, laws, education, also play a vital part in passing on what is best to the next generation and

our posterity. Let's explore the role of education.

When we think of a liberal arts college such as the College of New Rochelle, we see it has continuity itself as both an institution and a society. CNR as an institution and community is



dedicated to excellence and service. It passes on what is best in our intellectual traditions to each generation of students through the classes we have come to know so well. It has promoted reforms and changed itself by creating new schools to serve new populations, and yet, its essence is still very much the same. Our heritage and mission draws from a previous society: Angela Merici

and her companions and we also draw upon the Ursuline Order, the sisters who have served in that order in the past, as well as those who are present members of that order. They continue to inspire and serve.

CNR represents the community that both Aristotle and Burke mentioned because it is dedicated to excellence and passes its values on to succeeding generations. Most important, CNR changes lives and leads its graduates to *wisdom for life*, which is very much part of Aristotle's vision of what it is to be the best. Aristotle's vision is reformed here, however, since CNR moves beyond the **self-sufficiency** Aristotle identified as being a "natural end." CNR identifies services as a necessary element of our proper end or purpose. Upon reflection, one wonders, without service as a key element could we have a true community? Could we reach our proper ends?

In conclusion, if we are to have continuity, we have to work at it. And we have to use our reason to know what should be continued and what should be changed. Government and politics are a part of the equation for fostering "continuity," but only the equation as they direct is (perhaps better than our laws do) to our proper ends and highlight and preserve what is best in our traditions.

THREE VERSIONS

Continued from page 10

If the descent is thus sometimes performed in sorrow, it can also take place in joy.

Now the gods keep hauling Sisyphus back to that rock and telling him to push. Camus reminds modern man that we perform our endless chores out of free will, or better yet, in order to free our will. Cure isn't always the opposite of illness. In understanding of himself that he is a boulder pusher, Sisyphus makes his fate the province of his own character. He has transformed into himself, and is finally a part of that familiarity without which there can be no comfort.

So, birthday cakes and 9/11 memorials and daydreams and heartbreak. So the repeat button on the compact disc player. So centennials and the MTV awards.

Britney Spears says:

Oops, I did it again.

In the video she seems really happy.

CONTINUITY

Continued from page 16

even fifty, and the majority of that time was spent raising and caring for children. In a society where people live eighty years, much less 120 years, perhaps the shifting nature of subjectivity is becoming more apparent. To bring this full circle—imposing a continuity upon this paper that any clear-eyed reader would disavow—it is apparent that this would make predictions about self as complex as forecasts about society. It may be even more difficult to imagine where I am going than where a society is going; keeping on a given path must require a simply frightening amount of work, if not disavowel. And, given the success rate for predictions, that is a provocative, at times scary thought. Perhaps—even at the best—we too can only know either where we are, or where we are going. Perhaps uncertainty is the structuring principle of our being as well as that of our world.

JOURNEY

Continued from page 19

the flow, you make the continuity of the College and our educational mission possible. When you explore new directions, you reinvigorate the College and enhance the journey for all of us. Your journey and those of your fellow travelers, your fellow students, are all that make the difference between a mighty river and a dry stream bed. It is your journey to the sea. I wish you *bon voyage*.

MY CONSTANT

Alana Ruptak

Continuity. As I sit here beginning to write this, I rummage through the mental catalog of my life to find a stable and clear thought expressing this idea of continuity. Is it that thread of life, composed of moments that attach the ins and outs of everyday chaos, which fuse them together to appear incessant and familiar? Is it the thread that affixes the rips in our seams, re-connects dismantled interiors?

As I sit here waking up (10:36 a.m.) in a familiar bed with a familiar lover, I think this may be my continuity. Is it the constant breathing in my lungs and of my body, the sound of crumpling cotton bed sheets each morning? That first glimpse of sunlight with the realization, "Oh, it is raining today?" The continuity of my life resides in knowing that it is my face I see in the mirror each time, regardless of how foreign at times it may appear. It resides in knowing the textures of my skins, the placement of each scar and the many fingerprints that tattoo my exterior. It takes refuge in the crevices and broken pieces of my heart, hides on my interior eyelids, writing words within the tunnels of my veins that tell me I am my own continuity, my own constant.

That thread of moment entangles me in a cocoon; enveloping me in the simultaneous chaos and harmony of being alive. Disruption and change are persistent; they have taken their toll upon my flesh, which insists on regenerating each day. That regeneration is my continuity, the constant of surviving.

